

Jesuites Lamentation,

FOR THE

DISCOVERY

Of their two late PLOTS,

OF THE

APPRENTICES

AND THE

Irish Massacre.

A las! what *Trust* in *Devil*, or in *Pope*!
Sandy Foundations, both betray our *Hope*.
 How oft the *first* has promised us to quell,
 The *English Hereticks*, with force from *Hell*.
 Yet still we've seen him baffl'd, made a Fool,
 And all his *Plots* turn'd into Ridicule.
 I doubt he never will be *trusted* more,
 But by some ugly *Witch*, or pocky *Whore*.
 And for a silly *Cully* now most *pass*,
 Since *Luxemburg* has prov'd him such an *Ass*.
 And very little signifies, we see
 The *Popes* admired *Infallibility*.
 How oft as he assur'd us we should thrive,
 And *Hereticks* like *Chaff*, before us drive.
 Us and our great *Designs* how oft hath blest,
 And with delusive *Hopes* has us possess.
 Yet though the *Pope* and *Devil* both agree,
 Trusting the one's *Infallibility*.
 And much confiding in the other's *Power*,
 Our *Friends* are still lock'd up within the *Tower*.
 And to our Cost in spite of *Hell* and *Pope*,
 Some of us have been nooz'd with fatal *Rope*.
 Like a *Collossus* strutting we did stand,
 With Footing firm, and fixt in either Land,
 And strid from *London*, to the *Irish Strand*.
 Assured now, to make our *Power* known,
 And two great Kingdoms to have overturn:
 By new made *Plots*, fine *Trains*, and deep *Designs*.
 When we were just about to spring our *Trains*.
 Great *Brittains* watchful *Genius* step'd between,
 Who stood as *Guardian* of the Land unseen,
 In spite of *Devil*, *Pope*, and all our *Skill*.
 Upon our wretched *Heads* has turn'd the Ill.

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Has cut out strong and fine spun thrid in twain;
And once more rendred our *Attempts* in Vain;
Since *Hell* nor *Pope* can't help us at dead life,
And that we've almost now try'd every *Shift*,
With diligence, with hazard, and with Care,
We now may hang our selves through sad dispair
Our *Cause* is fallen, spite of *Hell* and *Pope*,
We hop'd a *Crown*, but we have caught a *Rope*.
What shall we do, now *Hell* and *Pope* do fail,
Must we like *Cowards* on the *Cause* turn tail?
Like beaten *Soldiers* out of *Breath* retire,
And leave our mighty *Hopes* bogg'd in the *Mire*?
O no, we are not such poor spirited *Elves*,
We'll trust not *Hell* nor *Pope*, but to our selves :
We plainly see now, that they both were *Foots*,
And may learn *Wit* and *breeding* in our *Schools*.
We will not thus give hopeful *England* o're,
We will endeavour still : hatch one *Plot* more,
And such a one as certainly shan't fail,
Joyn *Fox's Head*, to *Lions Paw* and *Tail*. (harms,
We'll lap no more, from thence have spring our
Our next Attempt shall be by force of *Arms*.
For little *Godfreys* wee'll no longer *Angle*,
But Cut the *Heretick Throat* we cannot strangle.
And quickly change the Catterwauling *Notes*,
Of *Dugdale*, *Bedlow*, *Smith*, and *Praunce*, & *Oars*.
The *Bug-bear's* gon, that mighty *Cat of Prey*,
The little *Mice* will now begin to play,
Who are of very quick and eager *Scent*,
And now may nibble *Cheese* of *Governments*.
The greater *Rats* shall stand more in *Awe*,
Of nimble *Cat*, arm'd with a scratching *Paw*.
A stinking *Blast*, from filthy *Bum* has spread,
And thorow *Nostrils* sum'd into ev'ry *Head*,
So rank, so strong, and stinking now it grows,
Soust up into every silly foolish *Nose*,
Who snuffle with this *Jesuetick* *Pose*,
That now our *Plots* they never more can smell,
Should they of *Powder* stink as rank as *Hell*.
Once more all *Hands*, let us now stoutly try,
To set up *Mass*, or bravely *Martyrs* dye
For if we fail, they'll say 'twas bravely striven,
What should we fear, *Tyburn* is the *Gate* to *Heav'n*!

FINIS.